







AUGUST 1  
THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 5, 1889.

BOOT TRADE WITH CALIFORNIA.

We notice an article in the Sacramento Daily Union of April 4th, headed "The Boot Trade," which speaks of the vast amount of boots brought to that country from other States, and the very large amount of money paid for them, which money, of course, is carried out of their State.

Our attention was more particularly attracted by that portion of the article relating to an editorial of ours, published in the Farmer last November, in regard to the manufacture of boots for the California market, by our neighbor, B. F. Wing, of Winthrop.

Now, as our brethren of the Union quote us as authority in the history of the rise and progress of the Boot business between Maine and California, and which, as we stated, originated in Winthrop, we beg leave to give another chapter upon the subject, in order to put him up more fully in the chronicles of this important branch of trade.

By way of preface, we deem it proper to say, that, heavy as may be B. F. Wing's operations in this business, he is not the only man in Winthrop engaged in manufacturing boots for the California market on a scale equally as great and extensive. We have another Wing also in the trade. It always takes two Wings to make a strong and lofty flight, and we are happy to say that we are well provided for in this respect.

We will here give a statement showing how the "originating" of the California boot manufacturing among us" was brought about, and to make it more full and particular, we trust that the individuals whose names we use will forgive us if we enter into a little domestic history by way of introduction of the parties to be spoken of. The firm who commenced the business were known by the style of C. A. & B. F. Wing.

Colonel C. A. Wing, the senior member of the firm, when of sufficient age, was taken into his father's shop, where he was a boot and shoemaker, and taught the art and craft in a practical manner by a course of training in a regular apprenticeship through all stages of the business. B. F., his brother, who had more desire for out-door life, spent his minority on the farm which his father owned and carried on.

C. A., when twenty-one years of age, commenced business for himself in Winthrop village, and continued it for two or three years alone, when he took his brother B. F. in, as a partner, he also having attained his majority, and preferred to change his occupation from farming to shoemaking. They continued the business together up to Sept., 1857—some fourteen or fifteen years, dividing the same between them, C. A. buying the stock and superintending the manufacture, and B. F. acting as salesman. During the winter of 1849, after repeated consultations with each other, they concluded to try their luck in the California market. They accordingly manufactured a quantity of goods, and B. F., on the 20th of May, '49, left with them to try their luck in offering them in this new field of action, while C. A. remained at home to keep the ship sailing during his partner's absence.

Which of the two had the more difficult task, they themselves can say. They had put much of their property into the hazards of a new and hitherto untried experiment.

In due time, B. F. returned, having made a very successful trip. Stimulated by this success, they were induced to try it again, and accordingly they got up 2000 pairs more of boots, with which he started, in December of the same year. In due time he arrived in California, proceeded to Sacramento and sold his goods in a short time, with what success is better known to them than to us. During his absence, C. A. still continued the business in motion at home, whether with more or less difficulty, they having invested a large amount in a still new and risky enterprise, is best known to himself.

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

ACQUITTAL OF SICKLES. The trial terminated on Tuesday last, as was universally expected, in the acquittal of Sickles from the charge of murder. The jury were out about one hour—and at first stood eleven for acquittal and one for conviction. The verdict was received with tumultuous cheers by the audience which crowded the Court room, and by other expressions of satisfaction at the result of the trial. The Counsel for Sickles, publicly returned thanks to the jury for their verdict, and the jury publicly congratulated him on his escape from the condemnation and death of a murderer—a proceeding we apprehend much more in accordance with the excited feelings of the moment than with the proprieties, not to say the decencies, of the place and the occasion. When he made his appearance outside the Court room, he was greeted by cheers from the crowd, who called upon him for a speech, which he declined, and proceeded to the house of a friend, followed by a cavalcade of carriages and an immense multitude of people, who thronged the doors of his lodgings until a late hour. The counsel of Mr. Sickles were also complimented with a serenade, and Messrs. Brady, Stanton, Magruder and Chilton made speeches to the multitude, probably with as much complacency as though they had succeeded in the achievement of some great public good.

Among the gossip which is afloat in regard to this trial is a statement that the jury, who occupied rooms in the National Hotel, received an extra allowance of two bottles of whiskey and twenty-five cigars per day—and that when they were not engaged in the court-room, they could be seen any afternoon on the balcony of the hotel, listening to the reading of the Bible by one of their number. Whiskey, tobacco and the Bible!—who wonders at their verdict?

GRAND DIVISION S. OF T. The quarterly session of the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance, held at Brunswick last week, was very fully attended. The reports showed that 27 new divisions had been organized during the last quarter and three old ones revived; about 1500 members had been added, and over 1000 lady visitors, since the last meeting. The interest in this most beneficent organization has been steadily increasing during the past year, until the order has reached a point of efficiency and usefulness to which it never before attained. Its operations are performed quietly and without ostentation, thousands of young persons being reclaimed from vicious habits and associations by the silent yet potent influence which are set at work in the division room, and the force of which they do not themselves realize or understand, until the pledge and the support of fraternal hearts and hands have been effectually interposed for their moral salvation. The blessing of heaven must surely crown the labors that are put forth in such a cause.

TIME OF THE FAIR. Some of the papers have spoken of the time fixed upon for the State Fair next fall as objectionable, on the ground that it will occur on the week of the State election. We understand that the subject was duly considered by the Trustees, and the time fixed by them, in view of all the circumstances of the case. Among other things it was desirable not to interfere with the County show; it was the only week in the month that the moon would serve; and it was not thought that there would be sufficient interest in the election this year—being for State officers only—to interfere seriously with the success of the Fair, even should it be appointed on the same week. We do not know why the politicians should have a monopoly of that week to the exclusion of the farmers and mechanics.

OLD FELLOWS CELEBRATION. A brilliant and imposing demonstration of the order of Old Fellows was had in New York on Tuesday of last week. At ten o'clock in the morning a procession of the order was formed at Castle Garden, from whence, accompanied by numerous bands of music, it proceeded to Rev. Dr. Chapin's Church, in Broadway, where the "thanksgiving service" was performed. As the procession moved along Broadway, says the Express, both sidewalks were lined with dense throngs of people, and every window at which a sight could be obtained was filled with a crowd of anxious faces. The pageant was a gorgeous one, and the several encampments and lodges—Grand and Subordinate—shone resplendent in scarlet and gold, white and gold, blue and silver, and other combinations calculated to strike the eye and impress the mind. Some of the banners were very beautiful, and others singularly appropriate.

An oration was delivered by Grand Rep. B. B. Boylston of S. C. and an Ode written by P. B. Shillaber, Esq., of Boston, was sung by the Choir. Religious services were performed by Rev. E. M. P. Wells of Massachusetts and Rev. J. M. Wiley of Connecticut. At 5 1/2 o'clock a collation was partaken of at the Astor House, and in the evening there was a grand ball at the Academy of Music.

MR. SINCLAIR. This distinguished and useful lecturer in behalf of the Temperance cause, delivered two addresses in Monument Hall on Monday last, one in the afternoon to the children, and the other in the evening to the people generally. We were greatly interested in his remarks, as indeed all seemed to be who heard him. He has been a laborer in this cause for a great many years in his native country, Scotland, more particularly devoting himself to the children, and training them for vigorous and persistent warfare against that terrible enemy—strong drink. We understand he will visit and speak in the principal towns in Maine. We bid him God speed in the good work and hope his heart may be encouraged and his hands strengthened by the co-operation and sympathy of all who realize the importance of his cause in which he is engaged.

THE BATH TIMES. Various assurances as to its due to "every heart that could dictate" what was said by us last week in reference to Capt. Brown. It affords us great pleasure to know this. Envy is an exceedingly uncomfortable exercise of the mind, and we should be exceedingly sorry to see it exhibited by our generous and amiable contemporary. Let him not envy, but strive to emulate, the good he may see in others.

MACHIAS REPUBLICAN. MR. EBER McKEILLAN has become associated with Mr. E. W. WENTWORTH in the publication of the Machias Republican. This paper is conducted editorially with marked ability, and we shall be glad to hear of its increased business success under the new arrangement.

THE STATEMENT WHICH WE RECENTLY COPIED from the Astorstock Pioneer, that an emigrant company for the Astorstock, was organizing in Lewiston, and which was discredited by the Journal of that place, is reiterated by the Pioneer on the authority of Mr. Hill, under whose auspices the company is forming.

HORRIBLE INMUNITY AT SEA. The California papers bring us accounts of another case of brutal treatment of his crew by a Maine ship-master, Capt. Pendleton, of the barque Sarah Park of Bath. The statements given of the barbarities practiced by Capt. Pendleton are hardly credible, but the San Francisco Bulletin, from which we derive the following particulars, says that they are fully sustained by the examination before the authorities:

"One of the most horrible sights ever presented to the eyes of man, was exhibited on the Sarah Park, in the persons of two mutilated and nearly starved sailors from the American barque Sarah Park. This vessel comes freighted with 1000 tons of coal, under the charge of Ephraim Pendleton, master. She arrived yesterday, in 108 days from Cardiff, Wales.

It appears, as near as we can learn the circumstances, that about twenty days ago, while the vessel was at sea, two seamen named John Thompson and William Johnson, being nearly starved, committed a petty theft of some biscuits. Being detected, they were ordered by the Captain to be flogged and ironed. The flogging was of the most brutal description possible to be devised; for the naked backs and sides of the men were not only cruelly cut up with lashes, but salt brine was thrown upon the wounds and allowed to dry on; and this operation was repeated a number of times. To add to the horror, the men were ironed to the floor of the hold, and barely sufficient food given them to support the almost extinct spark of life. The present appearance of the men, with their backs striped black and blue, and in many places cut through to the bones, their shrunken and sunken eyes, and general look of misery and ghastly looking faces, is frightful. No person can behold them without feeling the blood boil in his veins with indignation at the barbarity that could be devised for petty thieves and sailors.

Pendleton, not satisfied with having thus outraged humanity, had the audacity, yesterday, to come up in a blustering manner before a United States Commissioner, and make a complaint against the sailors, and demand that they be punished. He was, however, arrested by the United States Marshal, and it was only after their conditions were discovered. Judge Hoffman, United States District Attorney, Della Torre, and others, as soon as they beheld the frightful looking objects, at once ordered the arrest of Pendleton, and Marshal Solomon at once proceeded to find out the large amount of money which he had taken from the men, and could not restrain their detestation. Had Pendleton been present, he might have been in danger. Among others present was the second mate of the vessel, who, in common with the crew, had been kept in the hold. He asked him what brought the man to this. He replied, laconically, "Starvation and abuse." He himself had been compelled to throw brine on the sailors' bleeding wounds.

The worst of the story, however, has not been told. There is now on board the vessel a lunatic, who is said to have been driven to that condition by the same kind of treatment. It is further said that one man was taken to death on the passage and thrown overboard; but as we have no reliable source, his story, perhaps, will not be narrated on earth.

The man who was thrown overboard was named James Williams, and died in his berth, after having been flogged, his lacerated back saturated with brine, himself then along over the vessel's side, and the sea water allowed to dash over him, and then kept on deck all night without sleep. Finally, the man was taken to the hold, where the poor fellow sank into that sleep that "knows no waking." The name of the lunatic was Charles Jackson. He, with the others, was placed in the hold, and the crew were in nearly as bad a condition as the men whose cases have been specially referred to. A dozen of them when taken from the vessel by the U. S. Marshal to seek medical aid, were so near death, that such a severe condition had they been released. The Bulletin adds:

"The story is almost too frightful to believe, and we would gladly, if able, show that it is not true. It appears, it is well known that sailors are apt to tell great stories, and often very little reliance can be placed upon their statements. Were it not for the living skeletons presented to our eyes, in this case, their striped and lacerated bodies, and the testimony of those who have been inclined to pronounce the dreadful narrative a fabrication. But under these circumstances it is almost impossible to discredit the account given by the men themselves, and by the United States Marshal, who states as true, it is no justification to stave and mutilate men thus.

The Captain says that he was detained at Cardiff, several weeks, in the vain endeavor to procure the men released, and that he was told by the men themselves that he was to be put to death. He says that he was told that he was to be put to death, and that he was told that he was to be put to death. He says that he was told that he was to be put to death, and that he was told that he was to be put to death.

WATER CURE. We take pleasure in calling attention to an advertisement in this paper of the Round Hill Water Cure, located at Northampton, Mass., under the charge of Prof. H. H. Hasted, M. D. This is by far the most extensive Water Cure establishment in America; and many hundreds of cases of the various kinds of chronic diseases, some of them the most obstinate character, are every year successfully treated there. By what we have heard from those who have been cured at this institution, and by what we hear from one who is there now, under treatment for a complicated and difficult spinal curvature, with every prospect of a speedy and permanent cure, we judge Dr. Hasted to be the right man in the right place. The only drawback to the general usefulness of this institution is its very large expense to patients, ranging from \$10 to \$16 per week, which is beyond the means of many a poor sufferer.

PACIFIC RAILROAD. It is stated that Capt. Pope is closing up his Artesian well operations on the Staked Plains of New Mexico, and that he has never been able to raise water to within 180 feet of the surface. His apparatus is offered for sale at auction. The result of this protracted and expensive experiment will be to put a quietus to a favorite scheme of the South for the location and building of the Pacific Railroad on the 32d parallel of latitude.

THE MORPHY TESTIMONIAL. On the arrival of Paul Morphy at New York from his triumphant European visit he will be appropriately received by his friends and admirers, and a magnificent testimonial presented to him. The New York Spirit of the Times, describes this testimonial as follows:

"It consists of a set of chessmen in precious metal, of the most superb workmanship and the most tasteful design, mounted on coriander pedestals. The 'rooks' are in this instance represented by the finest gold, the king, queen, and bishop are in the costume of the middle ages, and each piece is a choice specimen of miniature sculpture. The knights are on horses of splendid form, which seem to be actually springing into the air. The 'whites' are of fine silver, the costume of the old Northern, their dresses of skins, and their heavy boots and armor are of the most elaborate design. To give the reader some idea of the richness of the several pieces, we would mention, that the castle is over four inches high, represented by an enormous and imposing looking figure of a man in armor, the details going so far as to give the exact texture of the skin. The gold in one of these castles is worth over eighty dollars, and if wrought into any common form, even less elaborated than this present one, would be worth over two hundred dollars. These chessmen, which are really of great magnificence, were manufactured at a cost of eighteen hundred dollars and were originally exhibited in the Crystal Palace at the great Exhibition; they subsequently, being too costly to find a purchaser, came into the possession of the present owners, fortunately to find an appropriate disposition, by being placed in the hands of Paul Morphy, the psychological wonder and chess champion of the age.

In addition to the pieces, there is being prepared a chess-board, the squares of which will be designed by the artist, and the board will be made of gold and silver, containing the names of the donors, and appropriate mottoes. The whole forming together a magnificent present, such as never fell into the hands of princes or kings.

THE LOSS OF THE JASPER. An official account has been received at the English Admiralty of the unfortunate loss of Her Majesty's gunboat Jasper. The complement of that vessel was 56 men and officers, including 12 natives of the Bahamas. The account states that after the vessel became a complete wreck on the Rio Condor reefs, Feb. 26, the officers and crew took to their boats and a raft which they had constructed with the design of making their way to Jamaica. On the third day of the boats upset, by which accident 10 lives were lost. The men upon the raft were then taken on board the boats, which parted company, each to make away as best it could to Jamaica. The boat in which was the commander with 29 of the crew, after 10 days pulling and sailing reached the Dues Lagoon Cay, where they were most kindly received by two Spanish fishermen, named Juan Orizaga and Peter Almerique, who supplied their immediate wants, and next morning piloted them to Santa Cruz, which they reached on the 9th of March, and were hospitably received by the captain of the port, Don Antonio Worgochoa, who immediately dispatched a launch to search the cayes, in hopes of finding the missing boats.

TO ADVERTISERS. By reference to our terms, published on the last page, it will be seen that we have advanced our rates of advertising to correspond more justly with the large circulation of the Farmer. All advertisements now in, having a definite time to run, will be charged at our former rates, those marked "till forbid," will, after this date, be charged according to the referred rates. Advertisers will take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

THE FOLLOWING ITEM OF NEWS we copy from the Astorstock Pioneer, P. E. F., who resides not many miles from Presque Isle, Me., among other articles of merchandise, a supply of boots and shoes. Needing a box at the house in which to keep his store wood, he carried from the store one in which had been used for a long time, and he had the manufacturer "outside," and labeled "Twelve pairs of Boys' Boots." The doctor, who has a vein of wit which occasionally exhibits itself, noticed the label, and requested "Maggie," the doctor's wife, to remove the label, and she did so with a sponge, leaving the rest unimpaired. Not long afterwards some juveniles were assembled in the room where the box was used, and their eyes caught the label. Solving at once the long hidden mystery, they burst into a loud laugh, and the doctor had some babies come in from Boston!

THE BANGOR WHIP states that a singular suicide was committed at Danville Junction on Friday morning last. A stranger whom no one knew, had been apparently watching the progress of some work on the bridge at that place, suddenly threw himself from the bridge, some 20 feet upon the rocks, and into the water. He was killed almost instantly, his face and head receiving terrible bruises. He was apparently a laborer, and had on a drab-colored jacket and a glass cap, and was about 30 or 35 years of age. He wore whiskers, and had in his bosom a pair of shirts. Not a thing was found upon his person but a solitary one cent coin-plaster. It is probable that he was some person who had been reduced to want, and the suicide was the result of a sudden fit of desperation, as the workmen were with in a few feet of him and noticed nothing peculiar in his manner.

MR. AMERICA FARRAR of Backfield, was seriously injured on the Old Colony Railroad on Wednesday last. Mr. Farrar was taking some horses to New York, and he accompanied them in the freight train. At a way station near Bridgewater, Mr. F. got off the train. When the train moved, he jumped upon the platform car and started to walk over the top of the cars to the one in which his horses were confined. While so doing the train approached a low bridge, and Mr. Farrar was struck upon the back of the head as the train passed under the bridge. He was found on the roof of the car, his head and face smashed. After some attention he revived, but was so violently insane that assistance was required to hold him. He was left at Bridgewater, where his paroxysms ceased and he became sensible. The best medical aid was rendered him, and at the last accounts his physicians thought there was a chance that he might recover.

MR. WM. H. PIKE, Jr., of Calais, who has been spending a year or two at the Sandwich Isles, recently returned to New Bedford, in a bark, and has been engaged in the fishery. He took the steamer from Boston to Eastport and at the latter place, on Tuesday, took the steamer Island Queen for Calais. When almost within sight of home, he sank away and expired on board the bark. His body was recovered and was accompanied him from New Bedford, and was with him in his last moments.

THE EASTPORT SENTINEL says that the traders of that town are engaged in the fishing business more extensively than they have for a few years past. The fishing business is the natural resource of that place, and if the people who spend their time during the year loafing, would catch all the fish they could, the business prospects of Eastport would rapidly improve.

GENERAL NEWS.

THE ASTORSTOCK PIONEER of last week says: We have received a letter from a gentleman in Pennsylvania, informing us that a company of steady men belonging there, together with some more who are about to leave Utah to join in the same company, are anxious to settle in the county of Astorstock, where they can form a neighborhood by themselves. There is plenty room, and the company will undoubtedly find a location to please them.

THE BANGOR WHIP states that the ship Golden Rocket, which was built last summer by Messrs. Donning & Dole, of that city, and freighted for California, is making an easy passage. She sailed from Boston December 28th, and made 1050 miles the first five days. She made ten miles an hour for three days without stopping. A letter from Capt. Pendleton, dated Jan. 27th, says that the passengers were all in good spirits, and enjoying the voyage. The ship was then 1700 miles this side of Cape Horn. The top-sails had not been reefed during the passage.

MR. HUBBS GOUGH, an experienced gunner at Kennebec, was on an excursion on the shore last day morning, and when loading a barrel of his gun, the sister barrel was accidentally discharged, lodging a heavy charge in his right arm, which was so mangled, that amputation became necessary, and was performed about six inches below the socket joint.

WE learn from the Bangor Whip that the new steamer Arctoon, which has been building at Oldtown during the past winter, under the superintendence of Col. W. N. Ray, for the Penobscot River Navigation Company, commenced her trip between Oldtown and Five Islands about a week since.

THE MACHIAS UNION states that on the night of the 18th ult., was launched from the yard of N. W. & C. Foster, a fine copper fastened Brig called the "Calumuck," of about 300 tons, owned by S. W. Pope & Co. W. E. Cummings, master, was in command, and Capt. Wm. Johnson, intended for the West India trade.

THE EASTPORT GAZETTE says that five young men stopped in that city on Tuesday, on their way to Astorstock. Their names are Emory A. Glidden, John E. Hilton, John E. Johnston, Everett M. Chapman and Charles F. Hilton. They are from Bangor, Maine, and are going to the Kennebec River, where they are going to Klondike Ridge township, which is No. 3 of the 5th Range.

MR. E. A. & A. SAWALL of Bath, launched from their yard on Thursday, a first class ship of 650 tons, called the Vigilant, owned by the builders and others of that city, and Capt. Wm. Curtis of Brunswick, formerly of ship Leander, who is to command her.

AT THE U. S. CIRCUIT COURT, in Portland, on Saturday, the Grand Jury reported a bill against Hannibal Longfellow and Greenleaf Longfellow, of Bath, for obstructing the prosecution of the "obstruction" above referred to, consisted, we believe, in suspending the running of their ferry boat at Bath, sometime last winter.

BY A RECENT DECISION of the Supreme Court, the American Peace Society comes into possession of between eleven and twelve thousand dollars left by will to that Society by Wm. Ladd of Minot, many years since.

A splendid Button tub, costing \$1900 has been introduced at Calais to the great delight of the fishermen and citizens generally—also a horse carriage costing \$400. The City Council of Portland are making inquiries into the utility of steam fire engines. A deputation went to Boston last week for that purpose.







## The Muse.

THE OVER-HEART.

BY J. A. WHITTIER.

"For him, and through him, and to him, are all things  
whom to the glory he ever—  
Above, below, in sky and soil,  
In leaf and star, in star and man,  
With might the sage Alcibiades mean  
The geometrical sign of God,  
The measured order of his plan.  
And India's mystic sanctity,  
Of the One Life pervading all,  
With Being's tidal rise and fall  
In soul and form, in sound and sight,  
Eternal order and recall.

God is: And man in gulf and fear  
The central fact of Nature's own;  
Kneels, trembling by his altar-stone,  
And darkly dreams the ghastly sneer  
Of bloodless apoplexy and gloom.

Quill shakes the terror: deep within  
The human heart, the fierce desire  
Of all the hideous desires,  
And, painted on a ground of sin,  
The faded glow of Torment rise!

And what is He?—The tree grain node,  
The sweet dew fall, the sweet flower blow,  
But darker signs his presence show:  
The earthquake and the storm are God's,  
And good and evil interflow.

Oh, hearts of love! Oh, souls that turn  
Like sunflowers to the pure and best!  
To you the truth is manifest:  
For they the mind of Christ discern  
Who less like him, he least of men!

In him of whom the Sybil told,  
For whom the prophet's fire was toned,  
Whose need the sage and mystic own,  
The loving heart of God behold,  
The hope for which the ages groaned.

Fade, pomp of dandified imagery  
Wherein mankind have so often  
Laid their false and selfish pride  
Let the sacred dreamer wake to see  
The Christ of Nazareth at his side!

What doth that holy God require?  
No rite of pain, no gift of blood,  
But, where a kindly brotherhood,  
Looking, where duty is desired,  
To him, the heavenly and good.

Go on be the faithfulness of fear;  
And let the pattering heaven's sweet rain  
Wash out the altar's bloody stain,  
The law of hatred disinherit,  
The law of Love alone remain.

How fall the idols, false and grim!  
And to their hidden wreck above!  
The emblems of the Lamb and Dove!  
Men turn from the pure and best  
And gulf, in suffering, whispers Love!

The world sits at the feet of Christ,  
Unknowing, blind, and unseeing;  
Yet shall his touch his garments fold,  
And feel the heavenly Alchemist  
Transform its very dust to gold.

The theme belittling angel tongues  
Beyond a mortal's scope has grown.  
Oh heart of mine! with reverence own  
The fallow which to him belongs,  
And trust the unknown for the known!

The Independent.

## The Story Teller.

## JOHN WALTON'S FARM.

"I tell you, no. I haven't got the money to spare. And if I had, I haven't got the time to waste over newspapers," said Eben Sawyer, with some emphasis.

"But you will gain much information from it in the course of a year, sir," pursued John Walton.

"Well, what may you, Mr. Grummett—shan't I have your name?"

No, sir! This was spoken so flatly and bluntly that Walton said no more; but folded up the prospectus of a periodical which he had with him, and then turned away.

Eben Sawyer and Ben Grummett were two old farmers, that is, old at the business, though they had only reached the middle age of life; and after their young neighbor had gone they expressed their opinions concerning him.

"He'll never make a farmer," said Sawyer, with a shake of the head. "He spends too much time over them papers and books of his'n. He's a little mite about farmin' in my opinion."

"There's your sentiment," responded Grummett. "I tell you, Eben, the man that thinks to make a livin' on a farm in this section, has got to work for it."

At this juncture, Sam Bancroft came along. He was another native of the district.

"We was just talkin' about young Walton," said Sawyer.

"I've just come from there," replied Sam. "He's been borin' me to sign for a paper; but he couldn't come."

"Ha, ha—so he bored us. He's gettin' a little too high for a farmer."

"He's rippin' his barn door up," said Bancroft. "Rippin' the door up?" repeated Grummett. "Why—Mr. Amaden had the whole floor put down new only three years ago."

"The tie-up of I mean," pursued Bancroft. "He's got a carpenter up from the village; and his two hired men are helpin'."

"What? I guess he'll make a farmer!"

And so they all guessed—with a reservation. In short, there was something highly ridiculous in the thought of a man's thinking to be a farmer and a student at the same time; and all sorts of jests were discharged over it.

John Walton was a young man—some five and twenty, and though he had been born in the neighborhood, yet much of his life had been spent in other sections of the country. His parents both died when he was quite young, and his father's farm passed into the hands of a Mr. Amaden. But now John had married, and he meant to be a farmer; and his thoughts naturally turned to the old homestead. He found Amaden willing to sell, and he bought—paying two thousand dollars down, and giving a note and mortgage for five hundred, which had been cashed by Mr. Piddon.

This farming district was a broad ridge of land which had been cleared for a great many years; and though they were the handsomest and smoothest looking farms in town, yet they were by no means the best. The summit of the ridge was crowned by a ledge of granite, and the soil, over the whole broad swell, was more or less wet and cold. This was particularly the case with John Walton's farm, some portions of it being wholly unfit for cultivation. There was one field of over twenty acres—one of the smoothest and prettiest located fields in town—which was never fit for plowing. The soil was so wet and heavy that it could not be worked to any advantage. It had been mowed year after year, yielding about three-quarters of a ton to the acre, of poor, wild, weedy hay. Yet there were other sections which were good, and Mr. Amaden had gained fair crops while he lived there.

Ben Grummett had a curiosity to see what was going on in Walton's barn; so he dropped in there. He found that the whole of the floor, where the cattle stood, had been torn up, and that they were digging a wide, deep trench, the whole length of the tie-up.

"What on earth is all this for?" asked Ben.

"Why," returned Walton, who was busy in superintending the work, and also in working himself, "I'm having a place fixed here for making manure. I mean to fill this trench up with good muck, and then save the liquids which have heretofore been lost. I think by proper management, I can get full double the quantity of manure which others have got from this place."

"Do ye?" said Grummett, sarcastically.

"Yes," resumed the young man. "It is a fact that the liquid manure, could they be saved, would fully equal the solids, both in bulk and value; and when combined with well rotted muck, and some other articles which shall take up and retain all the more volatile parts, I feel sure that they will afford more fertilizing powers and properties than the solid manure can."

"You don't say so? Where'd you learn all this?"

"Partly from reading and partly from observation," answered John, smiling at his good neighbor's open sarcasm.

"I don't see it costs anything to do all this?"

"O, yes—it will cost me considerable before I get through."

"Yass—I should rather calculate 'twould!"

Ben Grummett spoke this very slowly, and with a great deal of meaning; and when he had looked on a few minutes longer he went away.

"I swan!" he cried, as he met Sawyer, shortly afterwards. "John Walton's a regular hifalutin. He's 'bout as nigh to bein' crazy as a man can be?"

"Eh?—crazy, Ben?"

"O—I don't mean, rally up, like them folks what has to be sent to the insane asylum; but he's got his head full of all sorts of nonsense—He's got his tie-up floor all torn away, and a trench dug there, big enough to hold more'n twenty cart-loads of dirt."

"But what in nature's he goin' to do?"

"Why—he's agoin' to save the liquids, as he calls 'em! An' he's goin' to put in something to take up the—the—voluntary parts."

"Voluntary parts?—What's them, Ben?"

"It was vol' comethin'. But I don't know. I wouldn't ask him. I s'pose he jest used the outlandish word so's to get me to ask him what it meant—an' then he'd show off his learnin'. But I wain't to green."

"I wonder if he thinks he's a comin' here to learn old farmers how to work?" said Sawyer, rather indignantly.

"I guess he thinks so," returned Grummett.

"Then I guess he'll find out his mistake," added the other. "Jes' you mark my words, Ben: he'll be flat on his back afore two years is out."

And these were not the only ones who looked for the same thing. The idea of a man's comin' in there with any such new fangled notions was absurd. Their fathers, and their fathers' fathers had worked on that same ridge, and they wanted nothing better than what their honored progenitors had before them.

Autumn came, and after John Walton had mowed over the twenty-acre field, getting hardly any enough to pay for the labor, he set men at work digging deep trenches all over it. He had two dig longways, running up and down the slope; and then he dug quite a number running across them. They were quite deep and broad, and into them he tumbled nearly all the stones that could be found in the field.

"A poopy expensive way of gettin' rid o' rocks," remarked Grummett.

"It's a better place for them than on the surface, isn't it?" returned Walton, with a smile. "Mebbe. But what on earth are ye doin' it for?"

"Why—I'm going to see if under-draining won't improve the land."

"Under draining! What's that?"

"It's simply drawing off the water from the surface. This land is cold and wet; but if I can get the water to drain off among these rocks, the sun may warm the surface, and give me a good piece of soil here."

But it looked very foolish to Ben Grummett. He believed that "what was the nature of the soil couldn't be altered." However, the young man made his trenches—tumbled in the rocks—filled in on top with the loam he had originally removed; and then left it to work for itself a while. A month later he plowed two acres of it, and he could see that the soil had already changed wonderfully. After this was done he cut his way to the muck-swamp, and went to hauling out that article, which he deposited in various places, as he deemed proper.

"That's a curious contrivance," said Sam Bancroft. "He and Ben Grummett had been at work for Walton at hauling muck. He alluded to a large vat back of the house, into which ran a spout from the sink. This vat was capable of holding several cart-loads of stuff, and was already full."

"That's a compost vat," explained Walton, who had overheard the remark. "All the slop from the house—the soap-suds and such stuff, which most people waste—I save by this means, turn it to good account; and instead of throwing away refuse matter, I put it in here, and let it rot and ferment, and make manure."

"But what's this charcoal dust for?"

"It answers two purposes, though by 'only one office. It takes up the ammonia, and other volatile matter, thus holding them for fertilizing agents, and at the same time prevents the disagreeable effluvia which would otherwise arise from such a fermenting mass."

"That all sounds very poopy," remarked Ben, after Walton had left them, but let me jes' tell you, it don't pay! He'd better let sich faddlers alone, if he ever expects to make a livin' at farmin'."

Before the ground froze up, Walton threw out most of the muck back he'd dug up, which had become well saturated, and filled the trench up anew.

The old settlers upon the ridge had not set a great many apple trees, and made a great deal of cider; but the fruit was mostly wild and of an inferior quality. When Spring came, Walton went to some of his neighbors, and asked them to put in with him, and send for some good scions to engraft upon their apple trees. He explained to them just the plan he had formed for his own orchard. He had engaged a competent man to come and do the work of grafting, and while they were about it, it would be cheaper to get grafts enough for the whole neighborhood.

"How much will it cost you?" asked Sawyer.

"Why," returned Walton, "I'm going into nine pretty thoroughly. My orchard is a very large one, as yours is; and, like yours, the trees are mostly vigorous—or could be made so, but with very poor fruit. I mean to make a thorough thing of it, and shall probably expend a hundred dollars this Spring."

"What! A hundred dollars!—In your orchard?"

"Yes."

It was of no use. The old orchards were just such as their fathers had, and they were good enough. So Walton went at it alone. He had his trees all pruned and dressed, and nearly all of them grafted to such fruit as he thought would thrive best, and all best.

A little while later, and Ben Grummett had occasion to open his eyes. He found that John Walton had contrived to have a hundred and forty full loads of manure, all of which had been made within the year. However, he finally shook his head, and said, "Wait—we'll see if it's good for anything."

A little while later, and the grass began to spring up on the twenty-acre lot, as it had been plowed, harrowed up light and fine, bore the best crop of corn that was raised on the whole ridge; and all the manure put upon it was some which had been manufactured.

And so the time went on, and John Walton was continually studying how to improve his farm. At the expiration of a few years the new

scions had grown large and strong in his orchard, and began to bear fruit. He had taken care of his trees; and they were about ready to turn him interest for the labor.

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Eben Sawyer as Ben Grummett and Sam Bancroft came into his house one cool Autumn evening, and the three filled their mugs with new cider, "have you heard about John Walton's apples?"

"I know there was a man up to look at 'em," returned Ben; "but I hain't heard no more."

"Well—I was there, and heard the whole on 'em—so I know—I never would've thought it. An orchard turn out like that?"

"But how much was it?"

"Why—Walton was offered—cash right down five hundred an' thirty dollars for the apples he's got on hand; and he tells me that he sent nearly two hundred dollars worth of early fruit for a month or more ago."

It was wonderful—more than wonderful. But they had to believe it.

"And jes' look at that twenty-acre field," said Bancroft. "Ten years ago it would'n't hardly pay for mowin'. It didn't bear much else but podgum. Now look at it. Think o' the corn an' what he's raised there; an' this year he's raised more'n forty tons of good hay from it!"

"But that ain't half," interposed Sawyer. "Look at the stock he keeps; an' jes' see what prices he gets for his cows and oxen. We laughed at him when he paid so much for the new breeds of sheep and cattle he got some years ago; but jes' look at 'em now. Why, he tells me he's cleared over a thousand dollars this year on his stock."

At this moment Mr. Walton came in. He had grown older, and was somewhat stouter, than when he first settled upon the ridge, and became a farmer; and his neighbors had ceased to question his capacity, and had come to honor and respect him.

"We was just talkin' about you, Mr. Walton," said Sawyer.

"Ah," returned John, as he took a seat by the fire. "I hope you found nothing bad to say of me."

"Not a bit of it. We was talkin' about the wonderful improvements you've made on the old place, and of the money you make."

"And do you think it wonderful?"

"But ain't it?"

"Well," replied Walton, "I don't know about that; but I'll tell you what I do know. I know there is no class of people in the world who may study the arts and sciences to better advantage than farmers; and yet, I am sorry to say, there is no class, occupying the same social position, who read and study less. Farming is a science—one of the most deep and intricate—and he must be a man of more than ordinary capacity who can master it all. I have but just begun to learn what may be learned in farming. In short, there is no branch of industry in the world which may not be followed to better advantage without a good education. But farmers must not be afraid of books. They won't if they are wise, follow every advice which experimentalists give, but they may study, and reason, and experiment for themselves. So I have done, and so I mean to do."

"He's right," remarked Ben Grummett, after Walton had gone. "What fools we was that we didn't do it to that grafin' operation."

"And that underdrainin'," added Bancroft.

"And that muck and compost arrangement," suggested Sawyer.

"Well," said Ben, with a serious face; "it isn't too late now. They say it's never too late to learn; and I'm sure it hadn't ought to be too late to commence to improve after a body has learned."

"That's so," replied Eben Sawyer.

"True as a book!" added Bancroft.

"And I'm goin' into it."

"So am I."

And I.

## A MONOMANIAC.

Twenty-nine years ago, Sept. 1828, there died, in one of the stone cells of the Augusta (Me.) jail, the stalwart form of a man of three score years and ten, who had spent just half of that long life—thirty-five years—in that solitary dungeon. This man was HENRY McCausland, of Gardiner.

The circumstances that brought him thither and that shut him out from the sight of the world, or the sun of heaven, for so long a time, were very remarkable, and rendered him the object of a grave curiosity for more than one generation of men. A quarter of a century ago, everybody had heard of, and many thousands had seen, the tall, majestic form of that life-long prisoner; and then the story of "Old McCausland" may be interesting and useful. What we write shall be with feelings of entire respect for the descendants bearing his name that still reside amongst us; for surely they are in no way accountable for either his faults or his misfortunes; and all of them, as far as we know, are entitled to, and enjoy largely, the respect and love of the community in which they live.

McCausland came to Cobboscoo shortly after the war of the Revolution (for which he served his part well as a soldier, and for which he drew a pension till the day of his death). He came to work for Mr. Gardiner, in a saw-mill. He married a lady of great intellectual vigor, and of the purest character—a sister of the late James Stucke, Esq., of Waterville, who, before her husband's fall, became the mother of several children. These she educated well, and reared in the strictest principles of virtue. Through life she was most highly respected. McCausland resided, we believe, a little off the main road to Hallowell, a few lots above the residence of Hon. Barzillai Gannett.

During a "revival of religion," about the year 1793, McCausland became excited, and the excitement operating too powerfully upon one of the weaker portions of his nature, influenced him to an imperious control over all his mind, and rendered him a monomaniac. On all other subjects he was sane, and his reason was sound; but on that which religion, he was rational; but on that which he really was insane, though his religious friends around him at the time would not admit it. He became wonderfully illuminated. His comprehension of spiritual things was remarkable. He was favored with visions. The Lord made special revelations to him. One night, he appeared to him in person, and commanded him, to arise, go forth, and make a burnt offering and a sacrifice, reminding him of the Scripture, which saith: "Without the shedding of blood, there is no remission." Unless, therefore, he shed blood, his own sins could never be remitted. These exercises he was bold to repeat in the religious meetings he attended, and too many believed and respected them.

Before the Revolution, the first church (Episcopal) had been erected by Mr. Gardiner's ancestor; but, owing to political troubles, and other causes, it had not been completed. On the death of that ancestor, his will required the completion of the church; and during this "revival," the carpenters were at work accomplishing this design. McCausland's duty, as he interpreted the divine command, was to make a "burnt-offering" of that edifice. Accordingly, one night he arose, took one of his shoes, placed some live coals therein, hastened to the church, and set fire to a quantity of shavings and other light stuff that was at hand, and conveniently placed them in a

right position to ignite the whole building. It was burnt to the ground. It stood on the site of the present lecture-room, where, also, the second one which followed it was burned.

General Henry Dearborn at that time resided in Gardiner. He was the chief magistrate of the place—the terror of all evil-doers, for he inflicted punishment very summarily—often on the spot, by lashes at the whipping-post. We believe McCausland was thus treated and punished by General Dearborn, for obeying the divine command, and transgressing the human, in making his "burnt-offering" of the Episcopal church; but of this we are not positively certain.

We have heard him, at the gates of his dungeon, several times between the years 1825-29, tell the story of his "sacrifice." It seems there was a married woman in Gardiner, who, as it had been revealed to McCausland, had had three illegitimate children, and had, thereby, sinned against the Father, against the Son and against the Holy Ghost. The spirit disclosed to him that she was the proper victim for sacrifice, and that, "without the shedding of her blood, there could be no remission of his sins." Accordingly, one evening, he proceeded to her house on his pious mission, but learned that she had gone to a dwelling some distance up the Cobboscoo, for the purpose of watching over a sick woman. The passage thither was made more easily by water than by land, in those days, as few or no roads were made; and so he took his canoe and paddle, and set off for the residence of the sick family. He told us he had a hard time in getting thither, as the night was dark, the stream rapid in some places, and encumbered by snags in other; yet as the Lord had sent him, he knew he must go, and that, in the way of duty, He would grant him success. At length, he arrived at the place, hauled his canoe ashore, and, without ceremony, entered the house and sick-room. The invalid lady was lying upon a bed, and Mrs. W., the watcher, was sitting by her side. What follows was given us in nearly McCausland's own words:

"I had taken no instrument of death with me—not even a jack-knife—for I knew that if the Lord had sent me to make this sacrifice, he would provide the weapon, as he did the lamb for Abraham; and, casting my eyes over the head of the bed, I beheld a large butcher knife, which the man of the house had sharpened the day before for the purpose of butchering a hog on the morrow, and stuck it up there to be ready for use. I knew this was the Lord's doing, and that it was provided for my sake; so all I had to do was to place one hand on the handle of the knife, and seizing Mrs. W.'s forearm with the other, I drew the sharp butcher knife deeply across her throat, the work was done!" He added, with an air of conscious innocence and triumph—"She bled like a calf!"

He made no attempt to escape from the penalty of human laws, but rather coveted it. He had made his burnt-offering and his sacrifice, and now wished to crown his religious acts by "suffering for righteousness' sake." He was arrested for murder, and committed to jail. This was in 1794. At that time, we believe, old Judge Payne and Sedgwick were on the bench of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. The trial was held in Pownallborough (now Dresden), that being the shire town of Lincoln county.

When brought into court, and the charge of murder was read against him, he was interrogated by the clerk to answer to the indictment, and say whether he was guilty or not guilty. His prompt reply was—"Guilty." The court, apprehending that the prisoner was a monomaniac, and really insane when he committed the deed; and wishing, therefore, that the jury might bring in a verdict accordingly, desired him to withdraw that plea, and put in, rather, the plea of not guilty—the judge remarking to McCausland that he was under no obligations, in law, to plead guilty; that, if the government charged him with the crime of murder, it was for the government to prove, not for him to confess, that he was guilty; and, therefore, requested the prisoner to say—"Not guilty."

"What!" exclaimed the conscientious McCausland, "would the honorable judges of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts have me come here and lie to them? Sir, I did kill the woman; I shall not plead innocence. I am guilty, and I would have you make the most of it!"

What would the court do? The case could not go to a jury. He was charged with murder; and as he was found guilty, must be sentenced to be hung by the neck till he should be dead. There was no discretion left with the court. The duty was plain and inevitable. How was the sentence of death to be avoided?

The judges had the right to remand him to prison to await his sentence, and there he remained thirty-five long years, waiting for the sentence of death to be passed upon him, which, indeed, never came, but from the higher court of Heaven. He always complained of the tardiness of his judges; he had almost tired waiting for them to perform their duty. He was ready and anxious to "suffer for righteousness' sake."

The court, it is true, might have recommended him to executive clemency; but a pardon from the governor would have restored him to full liberty, and it was not considered safe for such a madman to be let loose in society.

He had never shaved since his incarceration, and his beard had attained an enormous length, reaching like Aaron's beard, "to the skirts of his garments." It had become gray—white, as snow—and he always kept it carefully combed and clean. Indeed, he was remarkably neat and clean in all his habits. He was an interesting object to look upon; but he allowed no person to see him, unless he was first paid two cents; then he would draw the side of his grate and allow the visitor to look upon him. He was worth seeing—one of the handsomest human figures we ever saw; a large, well-proportioned man, over six feet high, with a lofty brow, a clear, penetrating eye, an aquiline nose, a mouth expressing sweetness and dignity, a skin delicate as that of a child on whose tender face the sun had never shone, and a board white and flowing almost to the knees, and a voice peculiarly rich and melodious.

In all his devotional exercises he seemed very sincere; and, in relating the circumstances of his burnt-offering and sacrifice, he fortified his story to the way through with pertinent quotations from Holy Writ, which he made to justify his course. Many a doctrine proved from the Scriptures has had as little to support it as these passages proved McCausland's mission. He never appeared sorry or ashamed of what he did, but always spoke of it as a meritorious act. The truth is, he was a religious monomaniac; and, as such, he was to be pitied rather than hated.

He did not know how to read when committed to prison; but Mr. Dillingham's daughter undertook to teach him. He learned very readily. The Bible was his chief companion.

His kind and faithful keeper, Mr. Dillingham, died in July, 1828, and this broke the heart of Old McCausland. He could not endure the affliction, but sank rapidly under it, and in two months was himself nearly with the dead.

Gardiner Rural.

A New Doctor. One of the illiterate who 'had a call to preach,' recently sent his congregation on the broad grin, at the close of a hammer-and-tongs sermon, by requesting them to "Sing the Sockdologer."

## THRILLING ADVENTURE.

"Father will have done the great chimney to-night, won't he mother?" said little Tommy Howard, as he stood waiting for his father's breakfast, which he carried to him at his work every morning.

"He said that he hoped that all the scaffolding would be down to-night," answered the mother, "and that'll be a fine sight; for I never like the ending of those great chimneys; it is so risky for father to be last up."

"Oh, then, but I'll go and seek him, and help 'em to give a shout afore he comes down," said Tom.

"And then," continued the mother, "if all goes on right, we are to have a frolic to-morrow, and go into the country, and take our dinner, and spend all the day long in the woods."

"Hurrah!" cried Tom, as he ran off to his father's place of work, with a can of milk in one hand and some bread in the other. His mother stood at the door watching him, as he went merrily whistling down the street, and she thought of the dear father he was going to, and the dangerous work he was engaged in; and then her heart sought its sure refuge, and she prayed to God to protect and bless her treasure.

Tom, with a light heart, pursued his way to his father, and, leaving him his breakfast, went to his own work, which was at some distance. In the evening, on his way home, he went around to see how his father was getting on.

James Howard, the father, and a number of other workmen, had been building one of those lofty chimneys which, in our manufacturing towns, almost supply the place of other architectural beauty. The chimney was the highest and most tapering that had ever been erected, and as Tom shaded his eyes from the slanting rays of the setting sun, and looked up in search of his father, his heart sank within him at the appalling sight. The scaffold was almost down, the men at the bottom were removing the beams and poles. Tom's father stood alone at the top.

He then looked around to see that everything was right, and, waving his hat in the air, the men below answered him with a long loud cheer, little Tom shouting as loud as any of them. As their voices died away, however, they heard a different sound, a cry of horror and alarm from above. The men looked around, and called upon the ground lay the rope, which before the scaffolding was removed should have been fastened to the chimney, for Tom's father to come down by!

The scaffolding had been taken down without remembering to take the rope up. There was a dead silence. They all knew it was impossible to throw the rope up high enough to reach the top of the chimney, or even, if possible, it would hardly be safe. They stood in silent dismay until the cry of "Mother! Mother!" came from below. Tom's mother, who was waiting for him, ran to the top of the chimney, and, giving him a long loud cheer, she walked round and round the little circle. He walked round and round the little circle, the dizzy height seeming more and more fearful, and the solid earth felt less and less firm beneath him. In the sudden panic he lost his presence of mind, his senses failed him. He shut his eyes; he felt as if the next moment he must be dashed to pieces on the ground below.

The day passed as industriously as usual with Tom's mother at home. She was always busily employed for her husband and children in some way or other, and to-day she had been harder at work than usual, getting ready for the holiday to-morrow. She had just finished her arrangements, and her thoughts were silently thanking God for the happy home, and for all those blessings, when Tom ran in.

His face was as white as ashes, and he could hardly get his words out: "Mother! Mother! I cannot get down!"

"Who, lad—thy father?" asked the mother. "They have forgotten to leave him the rope," answered Tom, still scarcely able to speak. The mother started up, horror-struck, and stood for a moment as if paralyzed, then pressing her hands over her face, as if to shut out the terrible picture, and breathing a prayer to God for help she rushed out of the house.

When she reached the place where her husband and band was at work, a crowd gathered around the foot of the chimney, and stood quite helpless, gazing up with faces full of sorrow.

"He says he'll throw himself down!"

"These mums do that, lad," cried the wife with a clear, hopeful voice: "these mums do that—wait a bit. Take off thy stocking, lad, and unravel it, and let down the thread with a bit of mortar. Dost thou hear me, Jen?"

The man made a sign of assent, for it seemed as if he could not speak—and taking off his stocking, unravelled the worst